Summer Days

3. Bob Dylan

Summer days, summer nights are gone
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I know a place where there's still somethin' going on
I got a house on the hill, I got hogs out in the mud
I got a house on the hill, I got hogs all out in the mud
I got a long haired woman, she got royal Indian blood
Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing
Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing
Well I'm standin' on the table, I'm proposin' a toast to the king
And I'm driving in the flats in a Cadillac car
The girls all say, "You're a worn out star"
My pockets are loaded, and I'm spending every dime
How can you say you love someone else, you know it's me all the time
Well the fogs so thick you can't spy the land
The fogs so thick that you can't even spy the land
What good are you anyway?
If you can't stand up to some old businessman
Weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir is beginning to sing
Yes, the weddin' bells are ringin' and the choirs beginning to sing
What look good in the day, at night is another thing
She's looking into my eyes, and shes a-holding my hand
She looks into my eyes, she's holding my hand
She say, "you cant repeat the past,"
I say "You can't? What do you mean you can't? Of course you can"
Where do you come from, where do you go?
Sorry, that is nothing you would need to know
Well, my back's been to the wall so long it seems like it's stuck
Why don't you break my heart one more time, just for good luck?
I got eight carburetors and, boys, I'm usin' 'em all
Well, I got eight carburetors and, boys, I'm usin' 'em all
I'm short on gas, my motors startin' to stall
My dogs are barking, there must be someone around
My dogs are barking, there must be someone around
I got my hammer ringin' pretty baby, but the nails ain't goin' down
If you got something to say, speak or hold your peace
Well, if you got something to say, speak now or hold your peace
If it's information you want, you can get it from the police
Politicians got on his joggin' shoes
He must be runnin' for office, got no time to lose

Suckin' the blood out of the genius of generosity
You've been rollin' your eyes, you've been teasin' me
Standin' by Gods river my souls beginning to shake
Standin' by Gods river my souls beginning to shake
I'm countin' on you, love, to gimme a break
Well, I'm leaving in the morning, as soon as the dark clouds lift
Yes, I'm leaving in the morning, just as soon as the dark clouds lift
I'm breakin' the roof, set fire to the place as a partin' gift
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